

FONS PERENNIS.

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(14)

POEM

On the Excellent and Useful

INVENTION

Of Making

SEA-WATER Fresh.

Humbly Dedicated to the King's most
Sacred Majesty.

By EDM. ARWAKER, M. A.
Author of the Vision.

"Αἰών μὴ ἔσθω — Pind. Olymp. 1.

L O N D O N,

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FORMS FEBRUARY
A
P O F E M
INVENTION
Licensed,

SE A - W A T E R F I R E
Jan. 23. 1683.

Rob. Midgley.

A
P O E M
 O N T H E
 Excellent and Useful
I N V E N T I O N
 O F
 Making SEA-WATER Fresh.



W H E N first on Man his Maker did bestow
 'The Empire of his new-rai'd World be-
 low,

Amidst his Pow'r the Monarch still did want

A full Enjoyment of the boundless Grant;

For though the Earth did his Command obey,
 He was but tir'lar Sov'reign o'r the Sea.
 The Rebel-Waves despis'd his useless Pow'r,
 And kept within themselves their wondrous Store,
 And from the Mystic Treasure which they hid,
 On pain of Death, did all his Search forbid.
 Nor did they onely thus usurp the Deep,
 And from his watry Realm their Sov'reign keep ;
 But ev'n its firmer Empire they besiege,
 And turn its Homage from its Native Liege ;
 Who, crowded in a narrow Spot of Ground,
 Saw his bold Rebels all the rest surround.
 While thus by his insulting Slaves confin'd,
 For Want of Room, the World's great Monarch pin'd ;
 Nor cou'd he safe in his Inclosure reign,
 Ev'n that at last th' incroaching Billows gain,
 Till bounteous Heav'n did kindly interpose,
 And stop'd the Course of his invading Foes ;

The Pow'r first giv'n to Man it did renew,
 Taught him to conquer, and to rule them too;
 Safe o'r his vanquish'd Slaves the Victor rides,
 Plows their curl'd Backs, and wounds their foaming
 Amaz'd to find how vainly they engage, (Sides.
 The proud Usurpers calmly quit their Rage,
 The Billows shrink beneath their Conqu'ror's Pow'r,
 And stoop to Burthens which they scorn'd before,
 Now ev'ry Day his Conquest Man improves,
 And unoppos'd o'r the wide Ocean moves;
 Now unconfin'd he visits e'ry Shore,
 And takes from each its Tributary Store;
 Rips up the Bowels of the pregnant Earth,
 And crowds his Coffers with the daz'ling Birth;
 While on the Waves, safe as at Land, he dwells,
 Born o'r their Backs in floating Cittadels;
 Nor on their Surface onely pleas'd to keep,
 He dives to all the Secrets of the Deep,

And,

And, with the shining Tribute of its Womb,
Returns at once adorn'd and laden home.

Happy the People of that Pow'ful Land,
That o'r the Watty Realm has chief Command;
That Land whose Sailing Castles raise its Name,
Make it the Seat of Wealth, and Theme of Fame;
To which all other Vent'urers on the Sea,
The Homage of their falling Top-Sails pay:
Oh happy Britain! If the Bliss it knew,
Bless'd in a Fleet, and a Commander too;
Who heretofore, expos'd in thy Defence,
Taught thee a Pattern of Obedience;
Who saw the swelling Waves, as void of Fear
As if He went to take his Pastime there.
Whilst such concurrent Means encrease thy Store,
Ingratitude alone can make thee Poor;

For to thy Coasts, as to their Center, flow
 The Spoils of distant Climes, and Worlds remote;
 Whatever Treasure either India knows,
 United here, in vast Abundance flows;
 All that can tend to Profuse Delight,
 Oblige the Sense, or please the Appetite;
 All that which Mortals covet, or revere,
 Becomes familiar, as if Native here.

Nor yet, like Beasts, for Burden onely made,
 Are our great Vessels fit alone for Trade;
 While some abroad for Golden Plenty roam,
 The rest secure us downy Peace at Home.
 We know no Terror of invading Foes,
 While these strong Bulwarks our safe Isle inclose;
 Witness the World how fearless heretofore
 We heard the *Belgick Lion* loudly rore :

Though

Though scarce our Fleet cou'd then secure our Fear,
 Had we not known a greater Safeguard there,
 The bless'd Effects of our late Sov'reign's Care,
 Whose vast Concern so for our Safety shown,
 Expos'd a Life he valu'd as his own,
 But Heav'n engag'd in mighty York's Defence,
 And justify'd in that its Providence:
 The Hero, crown'd with Victory and Spoil,
 Brought with himself all Blessings to our Isle.

Thus happy *Albion* nobly did maintain
 Its ancient Empire o'r the Subject-Main;
 Its Rights, asserted by so brave a Hand,
 Subdues the Ocean to its vast Command:
 While to each Pole its conqu'ring Bulwarks sent,
 Make our bless'd Isle excel the Continent.

But

But though so far Man quell'd the Ocean's Rage, A
 That open War it durst no longer wage,
 The private Rebel did its Spleen retain,
 And fell to Stratagem, since Force prov'd vain;
 And with its Briny Humour murder'd more
 Than all its Billows had devour'd before :
 While at the Sailers baneful Thirst it laught,
 Who swallow'd Death in ev'ry greedy Draught.
 And from their Country far, in some swoln Way,
 By which they perish'd, found their hasty Grave ;
 Or, if they met not there an early Tomb,
 Came loaden with Disease and Torment home ;
 Who, swoln with Dropsies, and with Scurvies worn,
 Begg'd more their Speedy Ruine, than Return.
 If for Relief to the fresh Springs they fly,
 They lose that Time their Bus'ness should employ ;

And wandering in the Search of this kind Aid,
Are more by that, than roughest Storms, delay'd.

Thus, like a Miser, starv'd amidst his Store,
Whom more by his Abundance renders Poor,
Amidst the Waters with strange Thirst they dy,
A Thirst encreasing with its Remedy,
In vain (as usual) to those cold Climates they flee,
Whose Frosts and Snow are lasting as their Year;
Since still within a Torrid Zone they bear;
Whilst the Salt Tyrant, lest they shou'd complain,
Locks up their Throats, and does their Words restrain:
Pleas'd with their Woes, it makes their Grief its Game.
As Nero smil'd at Rome's encreasing Flame.
Discourag'd thus, their wondrous Art proves vain,
No more they'll venture, though assur'd by Gain.
So far sweet Health all Blessings else outvies,
That new-found Worlds can ne'r its loss reprice.

What

What Rev'rence then to that kind Art is due,
 Whence Man the Way to Health and Life first knew!
 That pow'rful Art which, by disarming Death,
 With healing Charms prolongs our Vital Breath!
 That Art whose Presence all Diseases shun,
 As Clouds disperse before th'approaching Sun.

Great Sons of Heav'n, Props of our Humane State,
 Whose Skill maintains the Life Heav'n did create !
 The Wonders, which in our Defence you shew,
 Preserve our Beings, and your Mem'ries too :
 Since for our Safety they but seldom fail,
 Sure for your Glory they must still prevail.
 You who from Death's grim Jaws his Prey relieve,
 And with a Breath make ev'n the Dying Live ;
 Be deathless still, as you on us bestow
 Almost an Immortality below,

To the Col-
 lege of Phy-
 sicians.

And from the Mouth of the devouring Grave,
 Whole Lands at once with one Prescription save.
 Nor is the Blessing Life your Gift alone;
 You give us all that tends to make it one;
 You the Twin-Charms of Youth and Beauty give;
 A Bliss that few are willing to out-live.
 In these soft Streams, distilling from the Sea,
 To whose first Knowledge you prepar'd the Way,
 The rough-dull Skin grows smooth and clear as they.
 The Sea thus happily improv'd by you,
 Does ev'ry Day a rising *Venus* shew.
 Here the soft Charmers of our easie Hearts,
 Whose Pow'r alone out-braves your healing Arts,
 Heighten those Beauties which the World enslave,
 And make you perish by the Darts you gave.
 No more our Ladies to the *Spaws* shall go,
 Who to your Streams may greater Blessings owe,

And

And be, like *Cynthia's* bright Retinue, seen:
 In their Attendance on our brighter Queen,
 Who from above immediately was given,
 To shew the true Epitome of Heaven,
 Bright as its Glorious Residents within,
 And as its Starry Orb without Serene.
 Long may we feel the Blessings of Her Reign,
 As long the Wonders of Her Face remain!
 That when She does Her Throne for Glory change,
 The Alteration may have nothing strange.

But precious Ointments of Eternal Fame,
 Embalm great *Boyle's* most celebrated Name!
Boyle the blest'd *Moses* of our happy Land,
 Who from the Ocean does *fresh Springs* command;
 By whose safe Conduct we new Worlds may know,
 Worlds which with more than *Canaan's* Plenty flow:

And

And *England* now may vie with *Israel's* Bliss,
 Our's scarce inferior to Their *Moses* is ;
 The Skill their's had to *Aegypt* was confin'd,
 Our's leaves that *Aegypt*, and the World behind ;
 And is with Nature so familiar grown,
 She has no Secret left to him unknown.
 For the strict Searches of his piercing Eye,
 Earth has no Place too low, nor Heav'n too high ;
 His Knowledge sinks into the deep-hid Mine,
 And soars to Heights of Mysteries Divine,
 Of which he does such near Idea's draw,
 As if unveil'd he the bright Objects saw.
 Nor does he yet approach too rudely near,
 Kept at just Distance by an awful Fear ;
 But into all does, like the Angels, pry,
 With trembling Dread, and blushing Modesty ;
 And when he treats of their *Seraphick* Love,
 None but such Transports his Affections move ;

Whose

Whose stronger Heat, from his refin'd Desires,
 Repels the Influence of Inferior Fires ;
 But when exalted, and employ'd on High,
 His ravish'd Soul dissolves in Ecstasie,
 Nor wou'd from that Sublimier Bliss descend,
 Nor one short Thought on this mean World mispend,
 Did not the Pow'r, he does Above revere,
 Display his Splendor in his Creatures here ;
 Through which he does, with strict Enquiry, pass,
 And, in their Beings, their Creator trace.
 He knows each Creature's Vertue, and its Use ;
 And from the Worst can Excellence produce.
 By him the Waters, *Acid* and *Marine*,
 Are purg'd and freed from their Destructive Brine :
 The Sailer now to farthest Shores may go,
 Since in his Road these *lasting Fountains* flow ;
 The Sea, corrected by this wondrous Pow'r,
 Preserves those now, whom it destroy'd before :

No more with Thirst the Fear'ful Sea-man dyes,
 The Briny Waves afford him fresh Supplies.
 The mighty *Boyle* does by his pow'ful Art,
 The Ocean to a Well of Life convert ;
 Whose Fame had *Israel's* thirsty Monarch heard,
 He had these Springs to *Bethel's* Well prefer'd ;
 And their Diviner Vertue had (if known)
 Excus'd the Risque he made *three Worthies* run :
 Had these in *Naaman's* Days been understood,
Jordan's fam'd Stream had scarce been thought so Good ;
 Nor wou'd their Influence, more truly Great,
 Require he shou'd the Healing Bath repeat.
Boyle, our good Angel, stirs the Sov'reign Pool,
 That makes the Hydronic-Leprous Seamen whole ;
 And now, who first shall put to Sea, they strive,
 Since safer there, than on the Shore they live :
 And, when to Coasts remote they boldly steer,
 Proclaim the Worth of their Preserver there.

We shall to *India* be in Debt no more
 For the rich Fraights we carry from its Shore :
 This far more precious Secret left behind
 Will amply pay for all the Wealth we find ;
 The Purchase of that Treasure with this Art,
 Our former Course of Traffick will invert :
 The *Indians* now, for Gold, shall buy our Store,
 As we their Gold, for Trifles, heretofore.

The tender Mother now who, for her Son,
 Storm'd Heav'n with Pray'rs and Repetition,
 Does her remaining Breath to Praise convert,
 To celebrate this Life-preserving Art :
 And the glad Wife, wrapt in her Husband's Arms,
 For his Return, applauds its wondrous Charms.

Ormuz, the *Persian Eden*, now once more
 May hope to be a well-frequented Shore ;

Now of fresh Streams it shall have large Supplies,
And rich as those that water'd Paradise.

When the *World's Conqueror* went to *Ammon's Shrine*,
Ambitious to be thought of Race Divine ;
He who to Godhead, as to Pow'r, aspir'd,
With burning Thirst, more than Ambition, fir'd,
Above his *World*, one cooling Draught desir'd ;
Then, had he found this Art, he had done more
Than in his greatest Victories before :
He justly then had his *Plus Ultra* writ,
And large Discoveries had succeeded it ;
He for new Conquests had found daily Room,
And sav'd his Tears for Worlds to overcome.

But, where he cou'd not, *Charles's Fame* shall go,
Charles ever-blest Above, and lov'd Below ;

Whose benign Aspect cherish'd this dear Art,
 That to the World does Wealth and Life impart.
 Yet the Discov'ry nicely he receiv'd,
 Not too long Doubted, nor too soon Believ'd,
 But to their Wisdoms made the Secret known,
 Where always he deposited his own ;
 To them whose Care, the *Atlas* of the State,
 Supports the People's, and the Prince's, Weight,
 And cheerfully the Burden undergo,
 To make him safe Above, and them Below.
 Soon their discerning Judgments found the Use
 And Good this blest'd Discov'ry wou'd produce ;
 And voted, with unanimous Consent,
 Its Worth deserv'd a King's Encouragement.
 And sure no Monarch cou'd indulge it more,
 Than the most Worthy of so rich a Store ;
 By his kind Influence wondrously it grew,
 Till ev'n Perfection was almost in view :

But Heav'n the Monarch's Glory did prevent,
And with that Grant his Brother complement.

Great *James* succeeds to end what *Charles* begun,
This Work requir'd more Royal Hands than one ;
So Fruits are nourish'd by the Morning Sun,
But ripen'd by the warmer Beams at Noon.
The Gift of Healing, on the Royal Blood
Of *England's Cæsars* has been long bestow'd ;
But to perform such Miracles as now,
Great Sir, by Heav'n was still reserv'd for You ;
And, for the Safety of Your happy Isle,
The jarring Elements You reconcile ;
And now the Waves, proud to obey your Pow'r,
Are gladly fetter'd by their Conquerour :
Xerxes. They, who the * *Persian's* Chains and Rods despis'd,
Are, by Your Hands, successfully chastis'd.

What

What the proud *Dane* * once vainly fought to do, * *Cannibals.*
 Great Prince of Wonders, is perform'd by You ;
 No Briny Wave dares Your Encounter meet,
 Unless to Kifs, not Incommode, Your Feet ;
 With such Submission they receive Your Law,
 That from their *Peccant Humour* they withdraw,
 Ambitious still their Potent Lord to please :
Oh that all Sep'ratists wou'd learn of these !

Nor rule You thus the Liquid Realm alone,
 The wilder Flames Your just Dominion owne.
 And now the *Water*, from its common Foe,
 Receives the greatest Kindness that can show :
 How then shou'd Men adore Your peaceful Reign ;
 That does the Rage of these fierce Things restrain !

How pleas'd the joyful Sailers now appear,
 And with glad Shouts approach Your Sacred Ear !

Shouts

Shouts so well Echo'd from Your Forts on Shore,
 That their own Cannons scarce so loudly rore.
 They know how well this blest'd Experiment
 Will the worst Mis'ries of a Siege prevent,
 And though Invaders should their Springs inclose,
 Their Drink shall last while the wide Ocean flows;
 To which not Thirst alone shall them invite,
 But a more pow'rful Argument, Delight:
 And, as they drink, each Knee to Heav'n shall bow,
 For Your Long Life, to whom all Theirs they owe.
 Long may You rule us, and Your Fame excel
 The blest'd Advantage of this Miracle;
 May You as Pure, as Undecaying, live,
 As the rich Treasures Your Alembicks give!

Blest'd be the better Genius of our Land,
 That first inform'd us at Your dread Command!

What Thanks to them our Happy Islands owe,
 From whence Streams richer, than *Paetolus*, flow?
 To his ador'd and celebrated Name,
 The *Muses* owe their Homage, as their Fame :
 By *Spencer* led they took a daring Flight,
 And boldly soar'd to each Poetick Height ;
 To which again they their strong Wings must raise,
 When they the Noble *Sunderland* would praise :
 May many such as he appear each Day
 To teach us how we shou'd Your Will obey.
 As, with a ready dutiful Content,
 The grand Fatigues of State he underwent,
 And though already press'd with weighty Care,
 The second Burden nor refus'd to bear :
 Pleas'd to declare the useful Mystery
 Of purest Streams, extracted from the Sea ;
 A Task none better cou'd perform than he,

Whose

Whose riper Wit out-strip'd his tender Age,
 And did his Mind in Bus'ness soon engage;
 So early he in publick Tasks began,
 He commenc'd *Statist*, e're he well writ *Man*;
 And, like good Angels, still did gladly chuse
 To be the Messenger of happy News:
 And sure more happy News scarce blest'd our Isle,
 Since *James the Great*, was welcom'd from Exile,
 Till Heav'n, to shewre its choicest Blessings down,
 The Latian Glory added to his Crown:
 Now our triumphant Kingdoms boast they show
 The best of *Secrets*, and of *Queens* below:
 A Treasure that to none con'd appertain,
 But that *Great Prince* that rules the boundless Main.

FINIS.